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BY R. T. VAN HORN.

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## "NEVER! NEVER! NEVER!"

I may be asked, and have been asked,  
When I am for a dissolution of the Union?  
I answer, Never! Never! Never!—HENRY  
CLAY.

BY GEORGE W. CUTLER.

You ask me when I'd read the scroll,  
Our fathers' names are written o'er,  
When I would see our flag unroll,  
Its mingled stars and stripes no more;  
When with a worse than felon's hand,  
Or felon counsel I would sever  
The Union of this glorious land—  
I answer, "Never, never, never."

When ye can find in lawless might,  
Where carnage treads its crimson way,  
Where burning cities glow at night,  
Where cannon smoke obscures the day;  
In towns deserted—fields of ground  
Abandoned by the faithful plough,  
Security—hope—peace profound,  
The blessings heaven vouchsafes ye now.

Think ye that I could brook to see  
The emblem we have loved so long,  
Borne piecemeal o'er the distant sea,  
Torn, trampled by a phrensed throng,  
Divided, mangled parcel'd out,  
Tamefully surrender'd up forever  
To gratify a lawless rout  
Of traitors! Never, never, never.

On yonder lone and lonely steep  
The sculptor's art, the builder's power—  
A landmark o'er the soldier's sleep—  
Have reared a lofty funeral tower.  
There it will stand until the river  
That rolls beneath shall cease to flow;  
Ay, till that hill itself shall quiver  
With nature's last convulsive throes.

Upon that column's marble base,  
Its shaft that soars into the sky—  
There still is room enough to trace  
The list of millions yet to die.  
And I would cover all its height  
And breadth, before the hour of shame,  
'Till space shall fail whereon to write  
Even the initials of a name.

Nay, I would haste to swell the ranks,  
Direct the fire or lead the way  
Where battle sweeps the rifled ranks,  
And bore the terrible life away.  
Fall bleeding in the doubtful strife  
Beneath the motto of my stars,  
And draw my latest breath of life  
Before that Union flag expires.

Dissolve the Union—nay, remove  
The last asylum that is known—  
Where patriots find a brother's love,  
And truth may shelter from a throne!  
Give up the hope of a high renown,  
The legacy our fathers will'd,  
Tear our victorious eagles down  
Before their mission is fulfilled.

Dissolve the Union—while the earth  
Has yet a tyrant to be slain;  
As well repress the lightning's birth,  
Or stop the heavings of the main.  
Dissolve the Union—God of Heaven,  
We know too well how much it costs;  
A million bosoms shall be riven,  
Before one golden link is lost.

## THE BACHELOR'S LAMENT.

I am weary of a single life,  
I really wish I had a wife,  
My years consume in grief and pain,  
And waste my life in vain!  
I've lived so long in doubt and fear,  
The girls now fly like a deer!  
And if I ask a rosy miss,  
If she will grant me but a kiss!  
Or Nancy will you be my bride?  
She laughs as if she'd break her side!  
Good God! must I endure such scorn?  
I really wish I'd never been born.  
Or had I shunned this deadly woe,  
My wedlock twenty years ago.  
But well they may revile at me,  
I'm not the same I used to be.  
My beard is long! My head is grey!  
My eyes are sore! My teeth decay!  
My shirt is dirty and much worn!  
My coat is old! My clothes torn!  
My shoes, alas! they have no soles!  
My stockings have five hundred holes!  
And all these woes and ills of life,  
Are owing to my want of wife.  
Please God! if I live and marry here,  
I will have one before a year;  
But should I unsuccessful prove,  
In all the fond intrigues of love,  
Should they despise me and my pelf,  
I'll buy a rope and choke myself.

A man of learning who makes no use  
Of what he knows, is like a cloud which gives  
no rain.  
He hath riches sufficient who hath enough  
to be charitable.

## DESCRIPTION OF IRELAND.

The South of Ireland is decidedly more  
fertile and inviting than the North or West.  
There is a deeper, a richer soil, and far less  
on the level low lands. The railroad from  
Dublin to Limerick runs throughout  
over a level plain, and though it passes from  
the valley of the Liffey across those of the  
Barrow, the Durock and the Suir, to that of  
the Shannon, no perceptible ridge is crossed,  
no tunnel traversed, and very little rock  
cutting or embankment required. Although  
the highways are often carried over the prin-  
cipal depositions are made to cost three what  
they should. I still cannot account for the  
great cost of the Irish railroads. The cost  
would have been built at one-half the cost  
in the States, where the wages of labor are  
three as much as here. Who pockets the  
difference? Of course there is stealing in  
the assessment of land damages; but so  
there is everywhere. When I was in Gal-  
way a case was tried in which a proprietor,  
whose bog was crossed by the Middle Rail-  
road, sued the company for more than the  
appraisers had awarded him, and it was  
proved on the trial that his bog utterly  
worthless before, had been partially drained  
and considerably increased in value by the  
road. There seems to be no conscience  
in exacting damages of those who invest  
their money, often most reluctantly, in rail-  
roads, of which the main benefits are uni-  
versal. In Ireland they have palpably and  
greatly benefited every class but the stock-  
holders, and these they have well high raised.

There are fewer ruins of dwellings re-  
cently "cleared" and thrown down in the  
south than in the west of Ireland; though  
they are not unknown here; but I saw no  
new ones going up, save in immediate con-  
nection with the railroads in other sections.  
If government, society and ideas are to re-  
main as they have been, the country may  
be considered absolutely finished—with nothing  
more to do but decay. I trust, however,  
that a new leaf is about to be turned over  
all it is mournful to pass through so fine a  
country and see how the hand of death has  
transfigured it. Even Limerick, at the head  
of ship navigation on the glorious estuary  
of the Shannon, with a station on the  
great line of the Limerick and Dublin, and  
sixty or eighty miles above it, shows  
scarcely a recent building except the railroad  
depot and the Union Poor House, whose  
general aspect is that of stagnation, decline  
and decay. The smaller towns between it  
and Dublin have a like gloomy appearance.  
—Kilbarr, with its deserted "Curragh," and  
its towering ruins, looks most dreary of all.  
It is the saddest of all, and in a new ruin,  
amid the activities and hopes which it  
inspires, is spared the daily contemplation  
of his country's ruin.

And yet there are brighter shades to the  
picture. Nature, ever buoyant and imper-  
ative, does her best to remedy the ills created  
by Man's inhumanity to Man. The south  
of Ireland seems far better wooded than  
either the North or West, and thrifty young  
forests and tree plantations soften the gloom  
which unroofed and ruinous cabins would  
naturally suggest. Though the railroad  
runs wholly through a tame, dull level,  
sweeping ranges of hills appear in intervals  
on either side, exhibiting a lovely altera-  
tion of cultivation, grass and forest to the  
delightful traveller. The hay crop is badly  
saved so far, and some that has been cut  
several days is still under the weather, while  
a good deal, though long ripe, remains uncut;  
the wheat looks to me thin and uneven;  
Oats (the principal grain here) are short  
and generally poor; but I never saw the po-  
tatoes more luxuriant or promising, and the  
area covered with the noble fruit is most ex-  
tensive. The poor have a fashion of plant-  
ing the beds three to five feet wide with  
narrow alleys between, which, though  
involving extra labor, must insure an extra  
yield, and presents a most luxuriant appear-  
ance. Little Rye was sown, but that little  
was very good; barley is suffering from the  
stormy weather, but it is quite thrifty. Yet  
there is much arable land either wholly ne-  
glected or only yielding a half crop, while I  
perceive less bog undergoing reclamation  
than in the West. I did not anticipate a  
tour of pleasure through Ireland, but the  
reality is more painful than I anticipated.  
Of all I have seen at work in the fields to-  
day, cutting and carrying turf, being pota-  
toes, shaking out hay, &c., at least one-  
third were women. If I could believe their  
fathers and husbands were in America,  
clearing lands and erecting cabins for their  
future homes, I should not regret this. But  
the probability is that only a few of them  
are there or hopefully employed anywhere;  
while hundreds of neglected, weedy, un-  
promising patches of cultivation show that  
narrow as the holdings mainly are, they are  
yet often arduously cultivated. The end  
of this is of course ejectment and the Union  
Work-House. Alas! unhappy Ireland!

[Horace Greeley.]

## INTRODUCTION OF WOMEN INTO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

The idea seems to be  
making rapid progress throughout the coun-  
try. In the August number of Godey's La-  
dy's Book, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, the editor,  
has taken up the subject in earnest. "There  
are," she writes, "a few self-evident propo-  
sitions, and it would be questioning the com-  
mon sense of mankind to doubt the general  
benefit on these points. One is, that women  
are by nature better qualified than men to  
take charge of the sick and suffering; a sec-  
ond, that mothers should know the best  
means of preserving the health of their  
children; and a third point is, that female  
physicians are the proper attendants for  
their own sex in the hour of sorrow."  
In speaking of the exclusion of females  
from the profession, she says, "To this prac-  
tice, and consequently the ignorance and  
helplessness of women, as regards their own  
diseases, and their children's well being,  
we believe is in a great measure, to be at-  
tributed the increased and increasing con-  
stitutional ill health of the American peo-  
ple."

It is safer to be humble with one talent,  
than to be proud with ten.

## THE GLASS RAILROAD.

"There was a mortal in that dream."  
[A dream of the "Millford Bard,"] during  
one of his fits of mania a poet.  
"It seemed to me," said the Bard, as  
though I had been suddenly aroused from  
my slumbers. I looked around and found  
myself in the center of a gay and happy  
crowd. The first sensation I experienced  
was that of being borne along with a pecu-  
liar gentle motion. I looked around and  
found that I was in one of a long train of cars  
that were gliding over a railway. I could  
see the train far, far ahead; it was turning  
a bend in the railway and seemed to be  
many miles in length. It was composed of  
cars. Each car opened at the top and was  
filled with men and women—all happy, all  
laughing, talking and singing. The pecu-  
liar gentle motion of the car interested me.  
I looked over the side, and to my astonish-  
ment found that the railroad and cars were  
made of glass. The glass wheels moved  
over the glass rails without the least noise  
or oscillation. This soft gliding motion pro-  
duced a feeling of exquisite happiness. I  
was so happy! It seemed to me as if ev-  
erything was at rest within me—I was full  
of peace. While I was wondering over the  
circumstance a new sight attracted my gaze.  
All along the road, on either side, within a  
foot of the track were laid long lines of cof-  
fins, one on either side of the road, and  
every one containing a corpse, dressed for  
burial, with its cold, white face upturned to  
the light. The sight filled me with un-  
bearable horror. I yelled in agony but could  
make no sound. The gay throng around  
me only redoubled their singing and laugh-  
ter at the sight of my agony, and we swept  
on, and on, gliding with glass wheels, over  
the glass railroad, every moment coming  
nearer the bend which formed an angle  
with the road, far, far in the distance.

"Who are those?" I cried at last, point-  
ing to the dead in the coffins.  
"Those are persons who made the trip be-  
fore us," was the reply of one of the gay-  
est persons near me.  
"What trip?" I asked.  
"Why, the trip we are now making. The  
trip in these glass cars over this glass rail-  
road," was the answer.  
"Why do they lie along the road, each  
one in his coffin?"  
I was answered with a whisper and a  
half laugh which froze my blood.  
"They were dashed to pieces at the end  
of the railroad," replied he whom I ad-  
dressed. "You know the railroad termi-  
nates at an abyss that is without bottom or  
measure. It is lined with pointed rocks.  
As each car arrives at the end it precipitates  
its passengers into the chasm. The cars  
dash to pieces against the rocks, and their  
bodies are then brought up and placed in  
coffins, as a warning to other passengers;  
but no one minds it, we are so happy on  
the glass railroad!" I can never describe  
the horror which these words inspired me.  
"What is the name of this glass railroad?"  
I asked. The person whom I addressed re-  
plied in the same low voice—  
"It is the railroad of Habit. It is very  
easy to get into these cars, but very hard  
to get out. For, once in these cars, every one  
is delighted with the soft gliding motion.  
The cars move so gently! Yes, it is a rail-  
road of Habit, and with glass wheels we  
are whirling over the glass railroad toward  
the fathomless abyss. In a few moments  
we'll be there; and then they will bring our  
bodies and put them in coffins as a warning  
to others, but no body will mind it will they?"

I was choked with horror, I struggled for  
breath—made frantic efforts to leap from  
the cars, and in the struggling awoke.  
I knew it was only a dream, and yet  
whenever I think of it, I can see that long  
line of cars moving gently over the glass  
railroad. I can see the dead in their cof-  
fins, clear and distinct—on either side of the  
road, and while the laughter and singing of  
the gay and happy passengers resound in  
my ears, I only see those cold faces of the  
dead, with their glassy eyes uplifted and  
their frozen hands upon their shrouds. It  
was a horrible dream.

And the Bard's changing features and  
brightening eye attested the emotion that  
I had been aroused by the mere memory of  
the dream.

It was, indeed, a horrible dream, a long  
train of glass cars, gliding over a glass rail-  
road, freighted with youth, beauty, and mu-  
sic, while on either hand are stretched the  
victims of yesterday, gliding over the rail-  
way of habit, towards the fathomless abyss.  
"There was a mortal in that dream."

Reader, are you addicted to any sinful hab-  
it? Break it off, ere you dash against the  
rocks.

## A WORLD'S FAIR CURIOSITY.—ONE

of the curiosities of the great British nation  
has not yet been admitted to the Crystal  
Palace. If it could have a corner allotted  
to it, all other signs of Christian domi-  
nation, Heathendom, or Savagism would  
have fallen at once. Greeley, in one of his  
letters, speaks of it, and tries to describe it.  
I have been painfully disappointed in the  
apparent condition of the possessor on the  
line of travel from Belfast to Dublin, which  
I had understood formed an exception to the  
general misery of Ireland. Out of the  
towns, not a home habitation in ten is fit for  
human beings to live in, but more low, cramp-  
ed hovels of rock, mud and straw; not one  
half the families on the way seem to have  
so much as an acre of land to each house-  
hold; not half the men to be seen have coats  
to their backs, and not one in four of the  
women and children have each a pair of  
shoes or stockings. And these feel if the  
owners would only wash them once a week,  
the general aspect of affairs in this section  
would be materially brightened. Wretch-  
edness, rags and despair salute me on every  
side; and if this be the best part of Ireland,  
what must the state of the worst be!

The end of philosophy is to subdue the  
passions, and prepare mankind for every  
condition of life.

## "SELLING" A FELLOW.

BY ARITHMETICAL PROFESSION.

Last summer, while engaged in the to-  
bacco and cigar business, I used to have for  
a customer in cheap cigars one of those  
knowing fellows whose knowledge serves  
better to bore his victims than advance sci-  
ence. You couldn't make him believe that  
—oh no! Tell him there were regalia  
cigars that cost \$40 per thousand—it might  
do to stuff down the throats of those who  
knew no better; it was none of them. And  
so it was with every thing it always appear-  
ed his delight to draw me into some contro-  
versy, no matter what the subject, in order  
to hear himself told forth. I tried every  
way I could think of to circumvent him, and  
at length I did succeed in laying him  
out as flat as a flounder.

It was on Saturday in the afternoon, he  
came in, made his purchase, seated him-  
self, to deal me out his usual portion; but I  
was awake for him.  
"Captain," said I, "I have made up my  
mind to go to California, and if you wish to  
make a speculation, now is your time."  
"As how?" said he.

"Why, you see them fifteen boxes of ci-  
gars—well, there are two hundred and fifty  
in each box, and I will let you have the  
whole fifteen at a low rate, providing you  
take them all."

"Very well," said my friend, "let's hear the  
conditions."  
"You give me one cent for the first box,  
two for the second, four for the third, and so  
on double for every box."  
"Done!" said he; fetch on your cigars.

Suppose you think that I haven't money  
enough—ah?  
"Not at all, so let's proceed, here's the  
first box."

He drew from his pocket a leather purse,  
and out of it he took a coin.  
"And here's the cent," said he, depositing  
a green discolored copper on the counter.  
"Here's your second box."  
"And here's your two cents."  
"Very well; here's your third box."  
"And here's your four cents," said he,  
chuckling.

"Here's your fourth box."  
"Exactly. And here's your eight cents."  
"And here's your sixteen cents."  
"And here's your thirty-two cents."  
"And here's your sixty-four cents."  
"And here's your one hundred and twenty-  
eight cents."  
"And here's your two hundred and fifty-  
six cents."  
"And here's your five hundred and twelve  
cents."

"And here's your eleven box."  
"And here's your—twice five is ten, twice  
twelve is twenty-four—ten dollars and twen-  
ty-four cents."  
At this stage of the game he had got quite  
docile, and I continued—  
"Here's your twelfth box; hand over twen-  
ty dollars and forty-eight cents."  
"Here the globes of perspiration, large  
as marrow-fat peas stood out in bold relief  
on his face, but at length he dealt out the  
sum."

"Here's your thirteenth box—fork over  
your forty dollars and ninety-six cents."  
At this crisis he looked perfectly wild.  
The sweat was pouring off him in streams  
and the tobacco juice was running out of  
his mouth.  
"For—ty—nin—ty—six— If I do, I do  
but—"

And raking his pile into his hat, he crush-  
ed it on his head, and made his exit at a  
rate of speed altogether unheard of; and I  
have never seen him near enough to speak  
to him from that day to this.—New York  
Spirit of the Times.

## AGRICULTURE IN FRANCE.

A letter writer for the Washington Repub-  
lic says:

A trip of six hundred and fifty miles, from  
the northern to the southern extremity of  
France, justifies me in the expression of my  
opinion that God's sun does not shed its rays  
so far a land, or one so thoroughly culti-  
vated. The whole country is literally a  
garden. Every square foot from the moun-  
tain top down to the lowest ravine, is made  
to produce something if it is susceptible of it.  
Their mode of planting or sowing their crops  
whether on plain or hill side, produces the  
finest effect on the appearance of the land-  
scape; the space allotted for each crop is  
laid out in squares or parallelograms with  
mathematical precision, and, whether large  
or small, the best garden could not be diver-  
sified with better accuracy. As there are no  
fences or hedges, and as the different crops  
are in various stages of maturity, you can  
imagine the variety of hues that meet  
the eye, and the magnificence of the panora-  
ma that stretches out in every direction as  
far as the vision can penetrate. I am sure  
of the agriculture labor is performed by fe-  
males, while two or three hundred stalwart  
men in uniform are idling away their time  
in the barracks of the cities and villages.  
In the absence of fences, cattle secured by  
ropes, are driven to their pasturage by fe-  
males; sheep are confined within the re-  
quired limits by boys assisted by a shep-  
herd's dog. Speaking of cattle reminds me  
that notwithstanding fresh pork is abundant  
enough in market, both in England and  
France, I have not seen a live porker in ei-

ther country.

The poor man's penny unjustly devalued  
a coal of fire in a rich man's purse.

## MRS. BLOOMER.

The subject of the new costume by one who  
knows her well, and will be read with inter-  
est by some of her admirers and followers:  
There are perhaps, but few women in the  
country, that—as writers—possess the origi-  
nality and sparkling brilliancy of Mrs.  
Amelia Bloomer. Though moving in, and  
belonging to, the higher ranks of society,  
she may often be seen in the character of a  
"ministering angel," visiting the poor and  
afflicted, and extending a sisterly hand to  
the sick and unfortunate. Mrs. Bloomer is  
now about twenty-eight years of age. She  
was born in Courland county, New York,  
and for the last eleven years, (since her  
marriage) has resided at Seneca Falls, a  
pleasant and romantic little village, contain-  
ing a population of some five thousand in-  
habitants, and situated on the banks of Se-  
neca Lake, eleven miles from the foot of  
Seneca Falls, and three miles West from  
the Cayuga Bridge. Mr. Bloomer is a law-  
yer of much eminence, and, under the pre-  
sent Administration, holds the office of  
Postmaster, his only assistant being that of  
his talented wife, thereby proving her doc-  
trine, that woman has only to be properly  
educated to prove herself competent to trans-  
act many kinds of business now wholly  
given up to men.

Some few persons at a distance have sup-  
posed because Mrs. Bloomer came out in  
prim as a fearless advocate of short dresses  
and trousers, that her manners were coarse,  
bold, and masculine, and that her appear-  
ance in the street must, as a matter of  
course, be far from that of a refined and  
modest lady. Nothing, however, can be  
farther from the truth than such a suppo-  
sition. We have met her in various parts of  
the Empire State, and whether she appears  
in the streets of her own village, or among  
entire strangers, she always has that same  
unassuming, modest deportment, and child-  
like simplicity, so universally admired and  
praised in the female sex, but so seldom  
seen, and hears nothing but what should be  
heard. If there should, by chance, be em-  
gaged upon the sidewalk, a company of  
foul-mouthed reproaches, whose only recom-  
mendation to the friends of humanity is,  
that their mothers were females, and who  
should take it upon themselves as the "lords  
of creation," to dictate what a woman should  
own, and how she should express their  
views in the hearing of Mrs. Bloomer, she  
never drops her head in shame and mortifi-  
cation, pouts on her lips, and flirts past  
in a passion, nor turns upon her heel to  
give them a cold look of disdain and con-  
tempt, but with a calm and easy to every-  
thing that passes; and her countenance con-  
tinues to express that same purity and hap-  
piness within, that would be expected from  
a child of fifteen, engaged in cultivating a  
bed of flowers, and her thoughts occupied  
only with the goodness and wisdom of an  
all-wise God. There is something strange  
in all this, for there are but few persons,  
male or female, who can wholly control  
their emotions, when they are made the ob-  
ject of ridicule.

## TENDENCY OF CORRUPT LITERATURE.

To draw only virtuous characters in this  
age, is to write unnaturally—to be classed  
among the many good meaning, milk and  
water authors, who, like the aforesaid be-  
verage, do neither good nor harm.  
So says an author who has recently writ-  
ten a book in which it may readily be per-  
ceived, are very few "milk and water" per-  
sonages; that is, the honest and virtuous  
occur as it is said angel's visits do, few  
times and far between. The unprincipled,  
the coarse and the vulgar, are by no means  
limited as to quantity or deficient in quality  
of a certain and not very exalted kind.  
Now we unfortunately, or fortunately,  
(which is it?) are so obese that we cannot  
see how morality can either be incalculated  
or strengthened by the broad declination of  
vicious character, let it be portrayed in  
language ever so elegant, draped with all  
the glittering ornaments of an imagination;  
more careful in its choice of words, than the  
sentiments they cover, but do not conceal.  
Neither do we believe that those writers  
who dwell more upon the good in humanity,  
are milk and water authors; if they are,  
they are needed to counteract the immense  
amount of evil which the profane press is  
doing at this day. Milk is an antidote to  
some virulent poisons, and water was given  
by God for the maintenance of life; we  
should perish without it; better be fed on  
such diet than drink of distilled death from  
the fountains of a corrupt mind.

We do not need to be made acquainted  
with vice through novels that we may shun  
it; for every day unfolds some fresh exam-  
ple of its deadly effects. We can read the  
sorrowing of misery, and the harvesting of  
sorrow, from the pages of human faces, filled  
with shame; every age has lifted its warn-  
ing voice through example of ill-fated  
wretches, whose lives have been melancholy  
evidence that "the wages of sin is death;"  
therefore we need no careful and studious  
tracing of baleful thoughts, no skillful  
reasoning on infidel premises, no aerial warn-  
ing of the circumstances, which shall seem  
to excuse the act of crime, no record of  
actions which a pure mind should blush to  
peruse. Sin and its attendant evils are  
on every hand, and he who runs may read.

A tremendous responsibility rests upon  
those to whom power has been given for  
mould the minds of men, and whether they  
will hear or forbear, will not matter in that  
time when judgment shall be meted out to  
them; then those who have perverted the  
good like in their nature, and turned their  
talents to a wretched account, will vainly  
wish they had done neither good nor harm,  
rather than have been instrumental of ac-  
complishing a little good and a great amount  
of evil.—Olive Branch.

Teach children to love everything that is  
beautiful, and you will teach them to be  
useful and good.

## CURIOUS PHENOMENON.

The following statement of a curious phe-  
nomenon in vegetable life, must, I think,  
prove valuable to every fruit-grower and ag-  
riculturist, as it is certainly interesting to  
every investigator of vegetation.

About the first of July, I observed in a  
small pear orchard some six or eight large  
and healthy looking trees entirely devoid  
of the bark from this lower limbs to the  
ground, a space of more than six feet. I  
inquired of the owner, who, with a neigh-  
boring farmer was standing by, whether he  
desired to kill those trees? He replied  
that he did not, but that he had removed the  
bark in order to improve their fruit and gen-  
eral health. This, with my views of the  
vegetable economy, appeared so absurdly  
ridiculous, that I laughingly remarked, "he  
might just as well cut off a man's head, and  
expect him to live on in renewed and vigor-  
ous health." He told me that he once  
thought so also, but he now knew that when  
the bark was entirely stripped from the body  
of a tree, during any of the three or four  
longest days in June, it would be replaced  
with new bark, and the tree would be alto-  
gether more thrifty. I started on my horse,  
and with a very significant gesture, inquired  
"if he saw anything particularly verdant  
besides the trees?" His neighbor then in-  
terposed, and assured me that all I had been  
told was serious truth, and that if I would  
go with him to his orchard, he would show  
me healthy and flourishing trees, that had  
been barked in the same way some years be-  
fore, the bark being now perfectly renewed.  
I did not go to see them, but a few days ago  
I examined those first mentioned, and found  
the denuded trunk covered with a new bark  
thick. I have passed these trees al-  
most daily, since the commencement of this  
process, and could not discover that the ma-  
ture of the fruit had been retarded, or that  
the verdure underwent the slightest  
change.

In the publication of this case, it is my  
desire to call the attention of some one of  
your readers acquainted with this phenom-  
enon, and its relations to the subject, and ask  
for its explanation. In my inquiries thus  
far, I have met with but three intelligent in-  
dividuals who were willing to believe the  
story, and none that could explain, by any  
rational process the theory upon which the  
physiological rationale is based. For my  
own part, I have no objection to this as a  
branch of natural science that I have never  
given the careful study it deserves. I simply  
submit the statement, vouching for its  
truth.—E. S. [Uncle Edgar.]

## CHOICE SAYINGS.

Our remembering an injury does us more  
harm than receiving it.  
Our virtues would be proud if our vices  
knew them not.  
The man who feels ignorant should at-  
tempt to be modest.  
The memory of the just is blessed but  
the memory of the wicked shall rot.  
We discover great beauty in those who  
are not beautiful, if they possess a genuine  
unfeignedness, simplicity, and sincerity.  
The wisest man is he who has the most  
complaisance for others.

If you wish that your own merit should  
be allowed, recognize the merit of oth-  
ers.  
The world is too narrow for two quarrel-  
some souls to live in it.  
He who has not his hand open, has his  
heart shut.

We esteem in this world those who do  
not merit our esteem, and neglect persons  
of true worth; but the world is like the  
ocean—the pearl is in its depths, the sea-  
weed swims.

It is not astonishing that a wise man  
should keep silence among warriors.  
The noise of the trumpet drowns the music of  
the lute.

In whatsoever house ye enter, remain  
under the eye of your eyes and tongue.  
Why repent a second time of an action  
of which we have already repented?  
One can live well without a brother, but  
not without a friend.

To live amidst general regard is like sit-  
ting in the sunshine, calm and sweet.  
Humility is the low but broad and deep  
foundation of every virtue.  
Patience is power in a man, warning him  
to reign his spirit.

We find in an English paper the following  
extract from an unpublished lecture on the  
progress of the arts and sciences and the an-  
tiquity of Free Masonry.

"Free Masonry, we are informed, was re-  
duced to rules at the building of Solomon's  
Temple, and there is every reason to believe  
that some bond of Union was necessary in  
such a congregated mass of workmen."

The number of masons employed in build-  
ing the temple, was one hundred and thirty-  
thousand and six hundred, besides the  
men of burden, not Free Masons, who  
amounted to seventy thousand more.

The foot-stone of this mighty fabric was  
levelled in the fourth year of Solomon's  
reign, the third after the death of David, and  
the 480th year after the passage of the Il-  
lumbrows through the Red Sea. The building  
commenced in Mount Moriah on Monday,  
the second day of the month Zif, which an-  
swers to the 21st of our April, and it was  
finished in all parts in a little more than sev-  
en years, on the 8th day of the month Bul,  
which answers to our 23d day of October,  
being the second month of the sacred year,  
and the eleventh of Solomon's reign.

Every piece of edifice, whether timber,  
stone or metal, was ready cut, framed or  
polished at Jerusalem, so that no other tool  
was wanting, no other sound was heard,  
than what was necessary to join the several  
parts together. All the noise of the axes,  
hammer and saw, was confined in the fore-  
ests of Lebanon, and the quarries and plains  
of Zoradath, that nothing might be heard  
among the masons of Zion but harp and  
peace.

## OUR UNION.

BY MRS. L. SIGOURNEY.

No! Eagle of our handed stars,  
Wilt drop thine olive fair,  
And bid the shafts of war and woe  
Speed burning through the air?  
And the soaring eagle answered,  
Waving his peace-branch high,  
"No! Freedom's chieftain gave the trust—  
I'll guard it till I die!"

Ye stars that shine in sparkling blue  
Upon your banner'd field—  
Shall half be broken from your places  
And half in clouds concealed!  
But silent were those glorious orbs,  
With dread amazement fraught—  
Each trembling in its crystal sphere  
At the dark traitor thought!